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Emotional highspots

By T. J. Binyon

Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Classic Cinema, Haymarket.

Preview audiences are generally speaking a hard-bitten lot. One has to be pretty tough to take the screen can throw at one in the way of blood, flesh or demonic possession, with nothing more to defend oneself with than a styrofoam beaker of instant coffee and a plot synopsis. Nevertheless, at the showing of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* the emotional highspots were marked by more than a few suspicious glances and energetic nose-blowings: sufficient to prove that Frances Hodgson Burnett's story is still as efficient a tear-jerker as ever, can still crack the hardest cases wide open.

In writing the story of seven-year-old Cedric Errol who, living with his widowed mother in New York, is then discovered to be the heir of the Earl of Dorincourt, is taken to England, soon wins the heart of his crusty, curmudgeonly grandfather, and finally, through a coincidence unbelievable outside this author's pages, escapes the dastardly attempt of an impostor to deprive him of his birthright, Frances Hodgson Burnett must have sunk a shaft deep into the collective unconscious and drawn up a bucketful of primal myth. It is difficult to explain otherwise the immense success of a book written in the stilted, prosopopeic style of a child's primer, full of characters who would be flattered to be described as two-dimensional, and awash with sentimentality. The author shows us mercy in only one respect: she does not give Fauntleroy a lip.

Jack Gold's new version of the story is in many ways an improvement on the original. The goopiness level is considerably reduced. Though Fauntleroy (Ricky Schroeder) keeps the famous black velvet suit with its "jagged, Vandyke collar of rich lace," it is made clear that he dislikes it as much as we do. He is a tougher, more urbane character. He loses his golden curls and, while as before, telling us rather too often that he calls his mother "Gertie," he refrains from doing so in our hearing.

Blanche Hanell's screenplay sharpens up the plot considerably, with episodes being given much more dramatic point and psychological verisimilitude (it would be hard for them to have less). Alec Guinness stalks, through the part of the Earl of Dorincourt, a much more subtle and sarcastic than Miss Burnett's loud and blustering prototype. Cedric's mother, Mrs Errol (Connie Booth), is described by the family solicitor Mr Havisham (Eric Porter) as "a woman of considerable strength and purpose"; words that could hardly have been applied to the hapless widow, living in genteel poverty, of the original.

It is no doubt in deference to modern sensibilities that Mrs Errol is no longer allowed to live on unearned income, but works as a seamstress: is no longer allowed to

The Edinburgh Festival Programme for 1981 has just been announced. Festival drama productions will include the premiere of a new play by Tom Stoppard, *On the Razzle*. Presented by the National Theatre's Lyttelton Company and directed by Peter Wood, the play is based on a play by Nestroy which also provided the inspiration for Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* and for *Hello, Dolly!* The Festival will also present a production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, directed by Robin Phillips and featuring Derek Jacobi. Details of other drama productions, among them work by the Greek theatre company, Amphitheatre, will be announced in April, when the programme brochure is published.

Imitating Evelyn

By Lindsay Duguid

Evelyn Waugh
King's Head

Although only a stone's throw from Evelyn Waugh's 1930 home in Canonbury Square, the King's Head, Islington is not the first place you would associate with the writer's clubman image. The familiar figure in the rather overstated country suit, given to terrifying sniffs and jaw-shaking roars, would hardly have warmed to his 1930s audience, composed as it must have been, in part, of Jews, Americans, employees of the BBC and, who knows, perhaps the occasional Anglo-Catholic. One does, however, get the feeling that he would have loved a one-man show.

Richard Huggett's impersonation (at the King's Head until March 7) is convincing: he is particularly strong on Waugh's rudeness. This show is not a complete biography but is composed of a series of vignettes of middle-to-late Waugh, holding forth on his favourite subjects. Bits of dialogue give the flavour of Randolph Churchill, Toni Mitford, Ronald Knox (particularly amusing as an unsuitably saintly guest at a luncheon party) Graham Greene, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and various ladies who led the misfortune to be placed next to Waugh at dinner. Annihilating letters in response to impertinent requests are composed on stage, and the mystery of Tito's gender and the Club Bora of the Year competition (to be televised from the National Theatre) are presented with a minimum of props. The emphasis is

Seeking professional freedom

By Jennifer Uglow

Prostitute
Screen on the Green, Islington;
Cinecine, Leicester Square; Classic, Chelsea.

Prostitute is shocking, but not in the way the title suggests. The first joke, after scenes of Birmingham blackness and women waiting for business outside a shady cinema, is the abrupt arrest of Rose, hauled into a car as if by over-zealous clients. We see the anxiety of the family, rapid but ineffectual intervention of social services, best clothes for courtney day, well-meaning but weary solicitor: "Whatever the rights and wrongs, we can't go in there and start changing the system." Rose pleads guilty to being a "common prostitute" and receives a three-month prison sentence.

The incident is disturbing, not because it humbers home a message, but because even by this stage the characters are like people we know, so that we cannot escape the lesson of individuality. The accuracy and depth of characterization compounds our response, enabling Prostitute to avoid disjunction while presenting a forced argument. Tony Garnett explored the potential of television music like the best of his collaborators, and in his collaboration with Ken Loach, and now he seems to relish the freedom of the cinema. Settings and mood are conveyed with economy and power, even the background characters are memorable, and the subject is composed and controlled, despite the air of spontaneity which comes from the technique of improvising from set situations.

The two sides of the story of Prostitute are joined by the figure of Rose's social worker, Louise, an interesting, wary, heavy interpretation by Kate Crutchley, moved by Rose's arrest to ask the women to form a self-help group, first concentrating on legal rights, then fighting to change the law. So on one level, this is a film about political education, about 'overcoming' illidyllic, idealistic, self-help, and, on another, a film about the same time, another prostitute, Sandra, who is Louise's intimate and

friend, is leaving the streets for the golden metropolis, via the local massage parlour and contacts made in the big hotels. Her individualism ("What's wrong with ambition?") at first looks like strength but ends as a symbol of loneliness in contrast to the comfort of the group. The further she progresses, the more humiliated and powerless she becomes; and finally, it is a grim acquiescence, she proves her more to the disposal of the police than Rose. Eleanor Forester's portrayal of Sandra is convincing, stubborn, vulnerable and often very funny.

Indeed, the film is full of humour, much of it played in secret knowledge like the smothered hilarity when Louise's aunt moans Sandra at a wedding reception and takes her, from her explanation of the kind of job she does, to a voluntary social worker. "Oh, like me, she's a wheeler!" Sandra is shown and discussed, and such everyday sometimes with ribaldry or caustic wit, sometimes with technical detachment, sometimes with loathing. The prostitute's "freedom" is contrasted with the inhibition of the straight world, and the only sequence which deals with embarrassment, created with masterful irony, follows the largely silent series of signals by which Louise manoeuvres "Griff," an engagingly shy, sociology lecturer whom she has invited to a conference, into staying the night.

Garnett is sensitive to the devices people use to ward off involvement: the social worker who sees only "clients and problems," the MP who must "explore further at the constituency level." Just as Louise's definition of prostitution is "a woman who is shown and discussed," such everyday sometimes with ribaldry or caustic wit, sometimes with technical detachment, sometimes with loathing. The prostitute's "freedom" is contrasted with the inhibition of the straight world, and the only sequence which deals with embarrassment, created with masterful irony, follows the largely silent series of signals by which Louise manoeuvres "Griff," an engagingly shy, sociology lecturer whom she has invited to a conference, into staying the night.

happily of a law which leaves the service untouched while penalising the provider, and which enforces the notorious double standard—if a woman taps a man on the shoulder at first looks like strength but ends as a symbol of loneliness in contrast to the comfort of the group. The further she progresses, the more humiliated and powerless she becomes; and finally, it is a grim acquiescence, she proves her more to the disposal of the police than Rose. Eleanor Forester's portrayal of Sandra is convincing, stubborn, vulnerable and often very funny.

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Preserving the illusion

By David Mayer

The Maughams Collection of
Theatrical Paintings
National Theatre Foyer

to the foyers of most West End and numerous provincial theatres, framed notices, cast in the lettering of Victorian playbills, have hung since 1978 to inform us that the Theatre Museum, until then a separate department of the Victoria and Albert Museum, is closed, to reopen "lets in 1980" in new surroundings in Covent Garden. The Theatre Museum is still closed, and now, two months into 1981, work has yet to begin on the site selected for this museum, the old Flower Market not many paces from the Royal Opera House. To forestall criticism of this protracted closure, the Theatre Museum has offered a few touring exhibitions of ballet costumes, but it has not mounted a specifically theatrical exhibition for above four years.

In this dearth, the last such exhibition having been the one of Clarkson Stanfield's marine and stage painting seen in Sunderland in the autumn of 1979, the current display of theatrical paintings has been the National Theatre by their collector, W. Somerset Maugham, takes on a particular significance. Here is a collection of eighty-two pictures, almost equally divided between oils and watercolours, individually important as records of theatre history, newly cleaned, carefully (if possibly too brilliantly) illuminated, ranged round the public spaces adjoining the Olivier and Lyttelton Theatres.

Maughams taste was for theatrical incident and portraiture from the mid-eighteenth to mid-nineteenth centuries, the time of Corrick to that of Macready. Such taste brought into Maughams's possession half a dozen major works by Zoffany, but the body of the collection is made up by the paintings of lesser artists whose eye for telling anecdote and the memorable moment onstage was sometimes less than their capacity to paint what they saw. The outstanding exception is Samuel De Wilde, whose single portrait-in-character, executed with equal facility in oil and watercolour, dominates the display. De Wilde scuttled between the great rooms of Drury Lane and Covent Garden to coax into his studio the popular performers of the late Georgian era, including the great interpreter of malodorous villanelle Charles Farley, the comedienne William Blanchard, Farren and the musical entertainer Theresa de Camp.

Theatrical portraits were less often sold to the actors than to their fans, and so constant was the demand for copies that many portraits and scenes were reproduced



The nineteenth-century actor Charles James Mathews in his earliest role "The Little Person", when he was three and a half. The portrait, a watercolour by Samuel De Wilde, is in the exhibition reviewed here.

by engravers and printers—uppermost in the mind of the collector, the time of Corrick to that of Macready. Such taste brought into Maughams's possession half a dozen major works by Zoffany, but the body of the collection is made up by the paintings of lesser artists whose eye for telling anecdote and the memorable moment onstage was sometimes less than their capacity to paint what they saw. The outstanding exception is Samuel De Wilde, whose single portrait-in-character, executed with equal facility in oil and watercolour, dominates the display. De Wilde scuttled between the great rooms of Drury Lane and Covent Garden to coax into his studio the popular performers of the late Georgian era, including the great interpreter of malodorous villanelle Charles Farley, the comedienne William Blanchard, Farren and the musical entertainer Theresa de Camp.

Displaying Maughams's collection brings into the foreground problems old to museums but new to the National Theatre. Patrons who commissioned the original paintings or who bought prints derived from the originals were familiar with a wide repertoire of standard plays. But the National's patrons now gaze on

Forced to improvise

By Julie Curtis

The Crimson Island
Cote Theatre Club, 11 Pembridge Rd, W11.

In March, 1930, Bulgakov wrote a letter to Stalin—there is no proof that it was sent—discussing *The Criminals*, which had recently been banned. In this play there stands a sinister shadow, and that is the shadow of the Chel Repertory Committee. It is they who are nurturing Helots, panegyrics, and terrified "lookies." They are struggling creatively though, they will succeed. I have not been expressing these thoughts in corners, in whispers. I have included them in a dramatic pamphlet, and I have put that pamphlet on the stage.

The struggle against censorship, whatever its nature and whatever the power under which it exists, is my duty as a writer, as are appeals for freedom of the press.

foyer walls at dramas whose plots are remote, whose interpreters are unknown, whose very titles remind us how little of the national repertoire the National Theatre actually performs. Maughams's paintings are hung with adjoining labels that identify no more than artist, play, date of performance and actors depicted. Nothing is offered to explicate and interpret the scene to the spectator. Fortunately, a catalogue illustrating the entire collection with an abundant number of colour-plates meticulously prepared by Raymond Mander and Joe Michelson (68pp, 83 illustrations, 14 in colour, £3.95, 43 Silt 5948) goes some distance toward compensating for deficiencies in explanatory labelling.

This guide joins Mackintosh's catalogue to the Georgian Theatre

Exhibition and Pister van der Meuwes Clarkson Stanfield catalogue as an important text on stage painting. I could wish that Mander and Michelson had found more to say about the interpretation of theatrical painting. Summaries of plots are insufficient. We need to know, for example, which paintings are thought to illustrate stage sets and to reproduce the effects of stages lit by candles or gas. Was Zoffany's rendering of Garrick and Susannah Cibber taken from an actual production of Venice Ob-served or wholly produced in the artist's studio? We need, as well, to know more about the prints inspired by these paintings, and about their dissemination.

There is a further problem implicit in Maughams's bequest. He offered his paintings as objects to brighten the grey walls of a modern theatre, not as documents to be studied and interpreted. But until they are hung with fuller captions, they can be little more than costly elegant wallpaper. On Sir Denys Lasdun's textured concrete, wallpaper that may actually suffer damage as a result of the strong light coming from the river, and the ventilation that keeps the foyers dryer and warmer than conventional galleries, a responsibility for conservation passed to the National Theatre with Maughams's gift.

These problems lead back to those of our absent Theatre Museum, and to the anxieties felt by its former users for whom the primitives Museum was an essential reference archive as well as the sponsor of inspired theatre exhibitions. Passive at the prospect of a three-year delay, these users were cheered by a statement in the Commons by the then Minister for the Arts, Norman St John-Steves, that he would do his best "to see that this most important project in which I take a personal interest goes ahead on time", and secondly by the 1979 Christmas card from the director of the Theatre Museum, which offered this quotation from *Hamlet* as his seasonal message of hope: "By calculation, the museum might now be ready to open in the end of 1983, assuming that the current Minister for the Arts not only shares Mr St John-Steves's personal interest in the future of the museum but is also able to find the funds towards it. But Mr Channon has been silent on this subject, and his absence from the ceremony in which actors of the National Theatre accepted the Maughams bequest suggests that this is an important project," and its ramifications have yet to come to his notice.

White Supremacy

A Comparative Study
of American and
South African History
George M. Frederickson

This study breaks new ground in offering a fresh perspective on the interracial experience of each country by viewing it through the lens of the other. The author finds many parallels in the way white supremacy was initiated and expressed in the two countries, but perhaps even more revealing are the differences and the reasons for the differences. This is a seminal treatment of an important subject. £12.50

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The Crimson Island

Cote Theatre Club, 11 Pembridge Rd, W11.

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The struggle against censorship, whatever its nature and whatever the power under which it exists, is my duty as a writer, as are appeals for freedom of the press.

John Co. 1316

In court circles

By G. R. Elton

WILFRID PREST (Editor):
Lawyers in Early Modern Europe
and America
216pp. Croom Helm, £12.50.
0 7099 0060 0

The present renaissance of legal history is one of the most cheering prospects on the historical scene. The subject flourishes in part because the records of the law constitute our largest body of unexplored material, but mainly because the importance of the law as a mirror as well as a stimulant of social change—the message of Maitland—has come to be recognised for the years between 1500 and 1800 when that paramountcy was at its height. True, these new investigations have too often served the rather narrow interests of too many historians, in crime, an interest roused by sympathy with "the victims of society", but the more difficult and more fruitful aspects have also come under review. We are beginning to grasp that we cannot discuss such things as landownership, the fortunes of

the peasantry (if there was one), the claims of monarchy, even the state of trade, without a real understanding of what was happening in the law, and that understanding has grown remarkably in the past twenty years or so.

All these topics have been wrested from the dead hand of traditional lawyers' legal history, and perhaps the most striking manifestation of this new enterprise has been the disappearance of Holdsworth's name from footnotes. Admittedly, the general historian, already much exercised over his need to equip himself in economic theory, political thought and theology, finds himself now obliged to understand the most arcane of all systems of knowledge. What chance have the problems of the money supply or Anabaptist views of this eschatism when we are confronted by "formed in the descender"? However, the exercise will do all of us very good.

Learning about the law has naturally involved an investigation of the people who made and practised that law, and this collection of essays on lawyers is a welcome pulling together of many hitherto scattered strands. Wilfrid Prest apologises for the prevalence of English studies in his volume, but that is where most of the work has been done. Thus

J. H. Baker provides a typically lucid and systematic conspectus of the profession in this century (1450-1550) which he has made his own. He prefers to stick to a precise definition of lawyers which confines itself to those working in the courts, whereas C. W. Brooks, covering the years 1550-1642, pulls in the periphery of "men of business" losing clarity but adding social breadth.

Prest himself (1550-1700) and Daniel Duman (the eighteenth century) cover the history of the bar, the first in the most elegant essay in the book, the second with rather too much laboured tabling of social analysis. Brian Levack adds another dimension by introducing us to the civil lawyers, university-trained and employed in the courts of Church and Admiralty. The contribution probably contains the largest amount of information not generally known.

The remaining four essays leave England, though two of them do not stray very far. Stephan Botein's account of what happened in colonial America surprises by showing how very long the law there took to become professional. Alexander Murdoch's study of the profession in Scotland suffers in this company by reading like the product of far from finished researches but fascinates by demonstrating

that before the sixteenth century Scots law simply did not exist. This bombshell should have some effects which it would be injudicious to consider here. Leonard L. Berlonstein, like Duman, concentrates on the social analysis of the multitudes of lawyers in pre-revolutionary (mainly provincial) France, while Richard L. Kagan, looking at Castile, most interestingly demonstrates that in that kingdom the size of the profession increased in response to mounting litigation but then failed to maintain itself as people turned away from resort to the courts. There are in England perhaps even too ready to echo contemporary convictions that it was the multiplying of lawyers that expanded the business of the law.

One remarkable fact emerges from these studies which should quickly penetrate into all general accounts. Lawyers in particular have supposed that the division of the profession into two parts—those who handle the business of clients and prepare the cases, and those who discuss the law with the judges (solicitors and barristers)—is the special hallmark of the common law. On the contrary: it now appears that this is what prevailed everywhere, as a natural consequence of the practices involved in litigation, except in colonial

America where few men—attorneys, pleaders or judges—were trained or professional enough to care. It would therefore seem that the modern fusion of the two functions, influenced by post-Napoleonic practices and the example of the United States, represents a solution which is certainly exceptional rather than normal, and may even be thought unnatural.

All these essays are instructive, and errors appear to be virtually nonexistent—as are misprints, a point worth stressing these days. Duman deals faithfully but perhaps too considerably with E. F. Thompson's unhelpful attitude about the eighteenth-century attitudes. Levack probably underestimates the knowledge of the civil law to be found among English common lawyers; here mistaken notions of extreme singularity still run like a thread through the surface. I wonder how much these fashionable searches for practitioners' failures really prove, but the misanthropic can raise the golden wind it is no wonder the unsympathetic gets done. A guiding spirit might point out that a determined concentration on lawyers too regularly leaves on the law on which they lived. However, one thing is clear, and it is with gratitude that one accepts this collection of sensible, unpretentious, learned and useful studies.

Left Bank liberalism

By Eda Sagarra

JEFFREY M. DIEFENDORF:
Businessmen and Politics in the
Rhine-land, 1789-1834
401pp. Princeton University Press,
£12.40.
0 691 05298 0

Two years ago Günter Grass lectured an audience of some 2,000 students at the University of Bonn, on the subject of German literature. They expected him, naturally enough, to talk on contemporary writing. Instead, Grass, always provocative, launched this representative selection of West German history on the seventeenth century. Only by devoting themselves to the discovery of their more distant past could he, he claimed, find their roots. This use of a well-known phrase, would be *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* as it ought to be.

In his more sober way, the author of *Business and Politics in the Rhine-land 1789-1834*, alongside a host of international historians working in the field of early modern German history, is doing precisely this. A synchronic and diachronic study of Germany's regional history provides insights into the continuity of her history as a whole. At the same time his research makes an important contribution to such diverse fields as entrepreneurship, the history of semi-public institutions, and the last years of the Holy Roman Empire.

The general context of Jeffrey Diefendorf's book is the revived interest (associated with the work of J. J. Sheehan, Lothar Gall and others) in the early history of German liberalism. The focus is on three influential trading and manufacturing cities on the Left Bank of the Rhine, namely Aachen, Cologne and Cleve.

The most important conclusion to emerge from this able and painstaking study is the evidence Diefendorf provides of continuity in a particularly turbulent period of European and German history. He illustrates the pragmatic way in which the business community adapted themselves to and exploited the apparent breaks in that continuity under the Holy Roman Empire, occupation and eventual domination by France, and finally the takeover by Prussia. In his detailed analysis of the political, social and economic behaviour of the business community of the Left Bank, and of the commercial and political circles which they nurtured and nurtured, Diefendorf is in fact giving an account of the political education of Rhineish liberals. The history of a social group becomes the political history of a region.

Several chapters are devoted to the history and analysis of the commercial institutions of the three cities.

These proved vital to the community's successful adaptation to French rule on the Left Bank; membership brought leading families into a direct personal relationship with the minister of the Interior at Paris and offered opportunities of playing a political role both in the region and in the state. The same would hold good under the bureaucratic absolutism of post-Napoleonic Prussia. The education of the French rulers, particularly in the Napoleonic period, is shown on the one hand by the way they managed to associate the political commitment of local notables to the new regime with the social standing of the bourgeoisie, and on the other by French readiness to utilize in the service of France the skills which local businessmen had acquired under the old regime. The merchants and manufacturers, whatever their particular resistance they might offer, quickly came to appreciate the benefit to the region of such reform measures as the abolition of the guilds and the lifting of religious disabilities on businessmen in Aachen and Cologne.

The transfer from French to Prussian rule was surprisingly successful, if not always smooth. As Diefendorf shows, what Prussia refrained from doing as much as when she did which in the end secured the loyalty of the Rhineish business community. The Prussians, on the French before them, seemed perfectly ready to permit officials who had served the previous regime to continue in their posts under the new. There appears to have been little resentment on the part of the new authorities that the Rhineishers enthusiastically celebrated Napoleon's birthday on August 15, half a year after the expulsion of the French in 1814, or that work continued on by monument in Cleve. True, the Prussians showed little sensitivity to local feelings. The Cologne notables in particular were angry at the transfer of the regional capital to Koblenz, and the siding of the new royal university on the Rhine to Bonn. Yet, the unexpected success of the integration of the Rhine-land into the kingdom of Prussia in the decades after 1815 is owed much to the character of the local Prussian officials.

Because many of them were from the region or had served the French in the Rhine-land or the kingdom of Westphalia—some ultimately became Prussian government ministers—they defended the economic interests of the Rhine-land to an increasingly successful degree. Most important of all, they persuaded the new government to retain the French legal system and commercial code. The chambers of commerce, commercial courts and labour arbitration boards were retained, though not without a struggle, and once again became a source of political influence and social standing to those who held office in them. Official holders enjoyed direct access to the ministries

of finance and trade, which in the period 1815-1834 were generally headed by liberally-minded professional civil servants, well disposed towards the Rhine-land. Moreover, the support and encouragement given by the Prussian officials to innovative business ventures in the Rhine-land, notably in the field of steamships, railways and insurance, created a sense of community between business and government circles. Ultimately this proved more important to what was rapidly becoming a political, as well as a social élite, than the abortive question of a legislative assembly.

If this elegantly written and highly informative study has a fault, it is the neglect of the economic

and cultural formation and of the social habits of the business community (Köhlmann's study of nineteenth-century Barmen was exemplary in this regard). Many personalities from Rhineish history appear and disappear in the course of the narrative, as they did in public life under the three regimes. They include well-known figures such as the son of Goethe's erstwhile friend, Friedrich Nicolai, and the father of his young protégé, Sulpiz and Melchior Boissée. The names of the Rhineish businessmen among them are illustrative of the growth of the Prussian history, the mayors of Cologne, Wittgenstein and Merkauf, Camphausen and David Hensmann. Yet they and their associates remain

The cash nexus

By Malcolm Falkus

G. R. HAWKE:
Economics for Historians
237pp. Cambridge University Press,
£10.50 (paperback, £3.95).
0 521 2234 8

Can a knowledge of economic theory improve historical understanding? G. R. Hawke believes that it can, and his book is an endeavour to bring such a knowledge, albeit at an elementary level, within the grasp of the over-enthusiastic.

Oddly, one of the effects of the "new economic history" of the past decade has sometimes been to elevate statistics and economic manipulations above the more human discipline of economics itself. Often the economic model involved in a particular historical study has appeared to play a secondary role to the statistical measurement of that model. Unlike Steyneger, who claimed to bring with technique and finish with inspiration, the new economic historians seem all too frequently to begin with technique, and leave it there.

Economics has, indeed, a crucial role to play in economic history, precisely in the kind that has been a few more advances and revisions. Not a few recent studies have been devoted to the subject, but often it is necessary to understand precisely the limitations of the application of economic theory applied to history in order to see the value of the results. The nature of the results obtained and the confidence that can be placed in them. Aside from any particular theory, the economist's approach involves the strict formulation and testing of hypotheses. Under a rigid, abstract, and unyielding framework, the results of the study are not only a source of political influence and social standing to those who held office in them. Official holders enjoyed direct access to the ministries

to familiar words, is evidently desirable.

Professor Hawke's book is the first major attempt to write an economics textbook specifically for history students. His method is to select those aspects of theory (from traditional market economics) which are most relevant to the study of actual historical work. He proceeds to give a short account of each, using diagrams but keeping mathematical expressions to a minimum (and, where mathematics is used, always giving a verbal explanation as well). He provides notes on his own work, and also various historical sources which have made use of the particular theories he discusses; the text contains very little history and the rather extensive footnotes contain very little economics.

The approach is, therefore, eclectic. The internal logic of economics and the familiar sequence of topics found in most textbooks are eschewed in favour of complexity, and a novel ordering of subject-matter. Thus an input-output table is introduced almost at once, the multiplier and accelerator considered before demand curves, and production functions, identification, and consumer surplus treated before perfect competition.

The success or otherwise of the volume must be judged by whether the coverage and depth of the selected topics are appropriate, and whether the formal exposition is clear and accurate. On these counts the book is certainly successful. The range of topics treated is impressive and includes, among others, and in addition to those I have mentioned, discussion of growth and technical change, international trade and tariffs, and public policy. The level is elementary, yet the book is sound and will provide a first-class primer for those who are interested in the subject. The book could be used by students whose formal economics is limited, and it is a pity that the book is not more widely available. It is a pity that the book is not more widely available. It is a pity that the book is not more widely available.

are willing to undertake a little hard work and concentration to master the material concerned.

Not all will approve without reservation the author's selection of topics. For example, the brief mention of general equilibrium and justice to the numerous social and economic problems of the Victorian era is surely inadequate. Moreover, there is scant mention of the dangers of inappropriate use of the vocabulary of theory in historical studies, surely a point which would have been useful to the reader. The book is useful in mind. Nor does Hawke attempt to give a full account of the particular theories he discusses; the text contains very little history and the rather extensive footnotes contain very little economics.

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Rows and revolutions

By Eric Korn

LYNN BARBER:
The Heyday of Natural History
320pp. Cope, £9.50.
0 223 01448 X

Clearly, only the best have been the heydays of the truly admirable literature of the past. Golden Age, or florid. That affectionately condescending "heyday" (courtesy Abney, Rutter, bully, jolly rutterkin, heyday? Skelton) praising Lynn Barber's contemptuously chaffing attitude towards the sciences is this tally mark of a handsome and modestly priced book which assembles much amusing anecdote and entertaining material, albeit from secondary sources.

If we must chop the tree of knowledge into planks of precise length, there is fine enough timber in the nineteenth century: both the establishment of the physical chemical framework that freed biology from the spectre of supernaturalism, and the recognition of two of the principles—some would say the two principles—by which biology transcends physics and chemistry: the cell theory and the principle of evolution. And all the while workaday botanists and zoologists were constructing that cathedral of taxonomy that the South Kensington Science Museum both adorns and embodies.

But Lynn Barber takes a more heroic view of scientific progress as a succession of rows and revolutions (a sort of rocky road), and by her standards taxonomic consolidation is small beer, or weak formidability. This gives her an audacious fecundity of conundrum to solve.

Her major breakthrough, one wonders, would count? Between 1817 and 1859 von Baer, Donders, embryology, Schleiden and Schwann established the cell theory. Liebig and Pasteur were beginning biochemistry, physical anthropology, history and paleontology had their Kitty Hawks. . . . If that is a stagnant pool, I would hate to sail a choppy one.

The dubious paradox is resolved by the still more dubious proposition that it was lack of scientific progress that made natural history so popular; alternatively, it is suggested that the Victorians took to the Victorian and the microscope boring, especially to women as they had servants to do all the household work. Moreover biology justifies the dolly wash: "merely to give magnificent references to the point, for example, of unknown unpublished papers, of unknown letters, of St Antony's College, Oxford, on an unrecorded date of the many cases where a book is cited without any of page or paragraph. . . . There are, too, obscure references to Hawke's normally correct, but at times inelegant prose, and to the incoherence there are confusing misprints and badly labelled diagrams.

Professor Hawke's book will open the less he welcomed by students and teachers. It goes a long way towards filling a notable gap and stands a fair chance of convincing even the most traditional of biologists that economic theory has something to offer them.

Edited by William G. Andrews and Stanley Hoffman, *The Fifth Avenue*, 110 (20th), 521pp. State University of New York Press, \$34.00 (hardback), \$12.50 (paperback). The range of topics treated is impressive and includes, among others, and in addition to those I have mentioned, discussion of growth and technical change, international trade and tariffs, and public policy. The level is elementary, yet the book is sound and will provide a first-class primer for those who are interested in the subject. The book could be used by students whose formal economics is limited, and it is a pity that the book is not more widely available. It is a pity that the book is not more widely available.

of *Species* sold in Darwin's lifetime. But she also asserts that the dangerous doctrines of Lyell turned people away from geology ("only very brave amateurs were tempted to continue with it") until the irreproachably orthodox Hugh Miller reassured them.

This doldrum would seem to cover the years 1830-1841, the time of busy publication by Phillips, Buckland's *Bridge and Trentise*, and Lyell himself reprinting large editions. Miller's suicide, she believes, turned the pain-battered off again: "many a country parson and diligent mechanic who had taken up the geological hammer under the benign influence of *The Old Red Sandstone* put it away in dismay when he heard of Miller's end."

Ms Barber traduces her own sex by deprecating women's achievements. Of course the free practice of science was made difficult for women, and they were offered a safety-valve: but despite this they were more than the adulous collectors, meticulous illustrators, writers of uplifting fables and supportive wives see colleagues.

Mrs Loudon is abused for her *Entertaining Naturalist* (which is little more than a new edition of Thomas Boreman's 300 Animals, an eighteenth-century bestiary from which little except entertainment is to be expected), but her serious botany is passed over. Mrs Getty is singled out for praise as the one woman "who stands above the *Entertaining Naturalist* crowd," but Barber omits the elegantist Isabel Gifford, the mycologist Mrs. Hossey, and the translator of Humboldt's *Kosmos* Mrs. Sabine; she even omits Mary Somerville, whose *Molecular and Microscopic Science* was published in 1869. (The Royal Society would not admit her sex, but paradoxically allowed her bust half-way up the stairs.)

The damage that notions of natural theology and divine benevolence did to dispassionate observation is likewise overstated. Indeed this preconception clouds Ms Barber's own vision:

Writers were prepared to exercise amazing ingenuity in finding evidence of intrinsic goodness in the most unlikely animals. Maria Copley, in *Popular British Entomology*, remarks that earthworms are generally disliked. . . . but, she triumphantly reveals, they are wonderfully conscientious mothers who spend anxious moments far from their children, and therefore, in spite of their uselessness, their inability, their ugliness and their onmying habit of creeping into people's ears, they are nevertheless funny. . . .

This is quite funny. But what Maria Copley actually says is:

Displeased and disliked as these harmless insects are, owing to the generally received opinion, false as it is. . . . the earthworm is gifted with something approaching to the maternal attachment evinced by the higher order of vertebrates. . . . In making great care of her eggs, but in brooding over them like a hen and collecting them when scattered about. . . . Ought we then to feel contempt or dislike for an inoffensive little creature, the peculiarity in whose habit and structure, really the head of Omnipotence has been engaged in its construction? Why should it thus differ, unless to excite our attention and reward our research?

Not nearly so funny, and no mention of ugliness, edibility, goodness or badness, or of the mother's building. The suspicion grows that Lynn Barber dislikes natural history as much as she dislikes the Victorians. There are certain revealing phrases: the microscope was not then the toothed and dreaded piece of school equipment that it is today. Morris's *British Birds* is "quite stupefyingly dull," the first chapters of Gosse's *Omphalos* are "an exceptionally dull exposition of a lot of quite unexceptionable facts." (It is not dull, for Gosse could not write a dull sentence even on theology: it is, however, thorough, testifying to Gosse's faith-mindedness; for he is accumulating arguments for the other side.) Gosse suffers from Lynn Barber's dramatic sense. The arguments of the *Omphalos* are better than the put into the rocks to make the world seem older, to confuse geologists, or to test people's faith; merely that if the world was created by

divine fiat, it could only be created as a going concern, with a created (not faked) past. This geological evidence could no more tell you when the world was created than the age of a character could tell you how long a play had continued since the rise of the curtain. His failure was not fatality but historical irrelevance: the age of reconclers was past.

It is true that Gosse was hurt by the rejection of *Omphalos* in 1857 and true that he wrote fewer popular books thereafter; but the death of his first wife, in the same year, doubtless occasioned some of his dejection, and his second wife's receipt of a legacy removed some of the incentive to publication. Lynn Barber mentions neither of these humdrum causes, and speaks of him "burying himself in his Rotifers or wheel-animalcules as though this was a strange or improper interest for a zoologist, or as if this mere mention of Rotifers was intrinsically humorous, like sausages. A similar emphasis mars the account of Wallace, whom we are invited to view or drive to spiritualism and crankiness through disappointment at not receiving his due reward as Darwin's colleague.

But Lynn Barber's method is entertaining, especially when she tells of characters who less engage one's attention. Buckland licking his fingers with the juice of some foreign cathedral ("I can tell you what it is, it is bet's urine"), the remarkable Waterloo and the ineffectual Agassiz ("permit me to recall to your memory your promise to let me have the bodies of some Indians," he wrote to Edwin Stanton, who was rather preoccupied with the American Civil War at the time).

Ms Barber has a gift for exposition, and her statement of the theories of uniformitarianism, of Lamarckism, of Darwinism itself, are succinct and accurate. But the work is riddled with errors. The title, after all, implies a thesis about chronology, and how can one afford confidence to the chronological conclusions of someone who misdates on occasion the publication of *Jardine's Natural History* (a central book for her discussion), *Voyage of the Beagle*, *Varieties of Domestication*, and even Darwin's death. There are pages of references, but they are often unhelpful. In what edition of *Gladius* does Charles Kingsley mention *Omphalos*? There is a reference, but it is only to *Reptiles and Batrachians*, a letter of Darwin about Buffon is cited not from the letter itself, or even from *Darwin's Life and Letters*, but from William Irvine's excellent *Apes, Angels, and Victorians*—and even then the page reference is incorrect.

Lynn Barber makes much of a sort of conspiracy silence about Darwinism among popular writers. Derived to contravertualists! Believing there to be no such conspiracy, I took at random the first three post-Darwinian biology books that came to hand. The first partly confirmed her theory. A. Romer's *Reptiles and Batrachians* (1927) quoted Owen on non-humaneness of the gorilla without referring to Huxley. But a translation of *Figulus's Reptiles and Birds* (1870) actually had a footnote by the translator controverting the author and vouching for the propriety of Darwin's theories, while the frankly hostile *Race from the Realm of Nature or Porobies from Plant Life* by James Neil drew a parallel between the neural selection of flower forms and the development of good or bad habits.

Reptiles and plants, like the virtuous grown men, are beautiful and perfect, while plants that chose to be pollinated by carrion-loving insects, like those who pursued wicked companions, grew foul to nose and ear. A spectacular example of the cooption of eubryotic doctrine in the defence of law and order.

In *Horse Breeding in Ireland: and the role of the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Breeding Schemes* (1885-1903) (232pp., £12.50, 0 85131 315 9) Colin Lewis examines horse breeding at the end of the last century and shows how the Royal Dublin Society attempted to improve horse breeding. He demonstrates how the Society's schemes for the breeding of horses were put into the rocks to make the world seem older, to confuse geologists, or to test people's faith; merely that if the world was created by



This scroll pointing of a Muslim jannity astride a spotted tiger god is from Santal Parganas, Bengal, c 1930; it is one of many illustrations in *Nicholas Courtney's The Tiger: Symbol of Freedom* (110pp. Quartet Books, £9.95, 0 7043 2245 5). Belief in the magical properties of man-eaters and were-tigers generated cults of the tiger, and a folk literature rich in stories about the animal—nowhere is this more evident than in Bengal, with its own notorious variety. The book describes how the tiger, a severely endangered species, lives in its natural habitat—no easy task since it is a solitary, mostly nocturnal animal, a hunter of large prey at home only in areas where dead beds and forest provide sufficient cover. Mr Courtney also explores the role in legend, art and literature of this "uncrowned king of beasts".

Ducks and geese

By Evan Jones

JOHN MARCHINGTON:
The History of Wildfowling
288pp. Adam and Charles Black,
£9.95.
0 7136 2053 6

Written by an enthusiast as a hobby, this book apparently aims chiefly to provide summer reading for other wildfowling. It is loosely packed with random information, included as it takes the author's fancy rather than on any more pedestrian principle.

Others lured by the title, or by the blurb's or foreword's claims to the definitive filling of a niche, should be warned that this is not a piece of scholarly summation. John Marchington's bibliography is long, but seems to have been gathered principally from antiquarian book-dealers; and the first reference I wanted to check was not included in it. At one point, there is a brief

divagation on the difficulties "for ordinary mortals like you and me" on the arduousness of getting access to the British Library.

Although it begins with backward-looking chapters, the book's real interest is duck and goose-shooting in Great Britain (chiefly England) in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; and although social history is explicitly eschewed, the editing question is its standing as a gentlemanly sport.

For the outlander perhaps the chief interest of the book will lie in Mr Marchington's torn sympathies. He deprecates the callousness of nineteenth-century hunters, but when it comes to the point he more shocked by the twentieth-century Colonel Hawke's using a duck-gun for a partridge than he is by the same man's enjoyment of a "cripple-chase". Cripple-chasing, the running-down with dogs of maimed wildfowl, must have been at its height with punt-gunning, in which wildfowl are shot at close range, killing or maiming scores of birds. This is what Mr Marchington regards as the acme of wildfowling.

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Public life and private space

By Rachel Billington

JUNE BADANI:

The Slender Tree
A Life of Alice Mayne
269pp. Padstow: Tobh House.
£10.95.
0 907018 01 7

Alice Mayne was a very private sort of public person. Vits Seckville-West in her introduction to a centenary collection of prose and poetry published in 1947 wrote, "A young man when I was so young, she retains the quality of a legend still. Ethereal rather than real, she seemed to live with a nimbus of adoration round her." Alice Mayne's daughter, Viola, a loving memoirist, published in 1929 a book called "With her children she had always preserved the privacy and formality of a stranger in personal things, so that even in all the crowded life of their childhood they had never once seen her unfinished or unprepared." One of her great friends, Katherine Tynan, wrote to her, "But you are somehow far away and seem as if you can do without people even if you can't." Over and over again she is depicted as a woman who moved with her own space round her, someone who in a room crowded with marks, children and celebrities is rough summary of the usual visitors to her drawing-room still seemed set apart.

Perhaps it is for this reason that, although her name is still well known, she has not attracted the kind of biographical attention that other writers of no greater status have been accorded. In her lifetime her reputation was so high that she was considered a serious contender for the Poet Laureate. Even *The Times* noted in 1913, "The poetess, Alice Mayne, is a woman who would add, and not without some reason, that there is a Mrs Mayne."

Now June Badani has attempted to put together the private life with the public. She has also, sensibly enough in the case of someone whose work is as unfashionable as Alice Mayne's, printed a fair selection of her writing throughout the book. (Although, to get a cavil out of this way early, I feel she made the wrong decision in leaving out one of her most beautiful and best-known poems, "Renunciation", in favour of a less-known, less-successful poem on the same subject.)

Alice (Thompson) Mayne was born in 1847 to an "artistic" mother and older father, a friend of Charles Dickens who had originally introduced them. There was also a sister, Elizabeth, who became the first woman painter to exhibit in the Royal Academy. The girls spent their childhood with their family wandering through Italy and France with a very un-Victorian lack of formality. When they returned to England, Elizabeth soon began to paint seriously but Alice, suffering the anguish of the Victorian young lady who was expected to do nothing, "A girl may go mad with her own soul over needwork, but she could not do so at college; or studying for the bar or for a civil service examination... O my dream, my dream! When will you be realised to gladden my soul, to redeem my trampled and polluted sex."

At length, however, she discovered the two main springs for her life—Catholicism and poetry. At first she had some doubts about the poetry, "I was not sure that I will be melancholy and self-conscious as are all women's poetry." But about Catholicism she never seems to have wavered from the first moment of certainty. This was despite, or perhaps because of, the terrible period of trial she immediately underwent when she fell deeply in love with the young priest who had prepared her to enter the church. This unhappiness inspired the poem already mentioned, "Renunciation". More explicitly, she noted on a scrap of paper, "Time, innocent, saintly and pure. If I fled to thin open space I should be parted far over from this, thou divide of mine. And a kiss would divide us as neither lands nor seas could ever divide. It is likely that this experience had much to do with the impression of self-sacrifice, even coldness, which she gave many people in her later life. It perhaps

also prepared her to face any temptation from her many distinguished and fervent admirers. She had already been through a greater fire when she was in a more susceptible state of mind.

In 1877 she married Wilfred Meynell, a Catholic poet and journalist and together they embarked on a career of writing, children (eight born, seven survived) and literary dialogue. Their house became a centre for many of the best-known writers of their day, usually those who were, like Alice, Catholic. As critics or editors for such magazines as *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Weekly Register*, *Merry England*, *The Saturday Review*, *The National Observer*, they were soon influential literary figures.

It was from Alice's role as appreciative critic that all three of her admirers came into her life. The poet Francis Thompson was famously taken off the streets by the Meynells and, although always remaining Wilfred's responsibility more than hers, he fell deeply, if hopelessly in love with her, addressing her in his letters as "Madonna and Christ". To him she gave sisterly comfort and literary advice. George Meredith was a grand old man of letters even when she first met him, with whom she could enjoy without danger the sort of loving literary relationship she preferred. She called him "The Master".

Much more serious than either of these was her friendship with Coventry Patmore, her "dearest friend". Although Patmore was in his sixties and married happily for the third time to a young wife, he demanded far more from Alice than Thompson ever did and for more than Alice could give. Even so, for four years they shared a friendship which, although fully countenanced by Wilfred Meynell and apparently based on mutual admiration for each other's work, was very strange indeed by Victorian standards. Just Badani, at points, to point out that Alice told everything to Wilfred and that the eventual break came not because Wilfred felt jealous but because he felt Patmore's obsessive love and jealousy caused Alice pain.

However a foreword note to Alice written by Patmore just before his death, and quoted in Derek Patmore's *The Life and Times of Coventry Patmore* suggests that there was more between them than she admitted: "Let not your thoughts dwell on your heart for the things your eyes have seen. Do not destroy the immortality of your truest visions by calling them

moode. You are not disloyal to any lesser good in transcending the higher. Our meeting and parting depends on your fidelity to the highest things you have known."

Earlier in the same book Derek Patmore talks of Alice being frightened by Patmore's physical love and withdrawing into the "crystal fortress of her intellect," suggesting a lack of humanity. Alice levelled a similar criticism at herself when nearing death. She wrote to Mother St Ignace who had become something of a confessor to her in America, "... as to sorrow, my failure of love to those that loved me can never be cancelled or undone. So I never fail in a provision of grief for any night of my life."

In contradiction to this severe self-criticism there is the evidence of the loving love she inspired in her husband and children and on a more exalted level the tribute written by the poet man but echoed in the views of many others. She uplifts by the most passing mental contact. Perhaps it is this virtue which has contributed to her fall from the public eye. Virtue is not a very fashionable characteristic nor, one must admit, very easy to write about.

June Badani has not entirely succeeded, allowing herself to fall in with the style of an admiring memoir rather than a searching biography. It does not always do her subject a service. For example, as Alice Mayne enters her last illness she has written years before: "The story of pain should not be told of us seeing that by us it would assuredly not be told." My Badani follows this by the single sentence, "Let it be told." It suffices to say that after seven weeks of illness she died at dawn on November 27, 1922. Although a nice homage to her subject it does not, frankly, suffice for the reader. Possibly she was following Vits Seckville-West who ends the biographical part of her introduction on the same note except that she includes her last words as reported in her daughter's memoir, "This is not tragic, I am happy."

It is interesting to speculate on the use of "happy" as it applies to her life. From the feminist standpoint of the 1980s, one of the most striking aspects of Alice Mayne's life is her success in joining the role of wife and mother with that of writer and breadwinner and this a full hundred years ago. Presumably, she may have been helped by the availability of servants; although a complaint in the early days of her

marriage casts some doubt: "I am a most gentle and considerate mistress, yet I have had nine different cooks, five housemaids... three nurses..."

Certainly she was blessed with an adoring, hard-working, intelligent husband's support in everything she did. Spiritually, and here Ms Badani is very convincing in her emphasis, she found through her Catholicism the discipline which gave her the emotional security from which she could operate effectively. This is not to say Catholicism made life easy for Alice Mayne but that it became possible. Her "dark night of the soul" to which Mother St Ignace refers must never have been far away. It is sad that there is so little available material in illuminating this side of her character.

However the most for virtue is a private undertaking and we cannot, at least, the poems and the prose. Perhaps someone will now be stimulated to examine these more thoroughly in a critical study. The prose works will always be historically interesting even if their somewhat precious style does not appeal. Personally, I prefer the poetry and can only wish that the "brand-winner" who needed to churn out essays had left more time for the creator. This, too, may have been an unhappiness she had to face. The last verse of her poem "The Poet in the Birds" reads:

My humm song must be
My humm thought, He patient
I shall not hold my lips peace;
There is no peace but one.

There is no peace but one.

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Post Who Will Wed



POET IN LOVE SONG EXTOLS HIS BRIDE

Ezra Pound, Wyncote Boy, Who Achieved Fame Abroad, Soon to Wed.

Phila. Post in Stanzas Tells of His Romance

Man's love, follows man's love. My love only one face known. Towards thee only my love. And autopsies the swift, swift, swift. Were this love well, but it is played. As flame, flame, flame, flame. Love should glow through the phases.

An engagement photograph of the brilliant young poet Ezra Pound, published in the Philadelphia *Post* and *Opinion* in 1914, to illustrate the announcement of his forthcoming marriage to Miss Dorothy Shakspeare of Brunswick Gardens, London. The newspaper account describes his mother as "a naturally very poor of her son's career." The illustration is taken from Ezra Pound and his world by Peter Ackroyd (127pp. Thames and Hudson, £5.95) which will be reviewed in a future issue of the TLS.

Modernistically muddling

By Lachlan Mackinnon

MICHAEL ANDRE BERNSTEIN:

The Tale of the Tribe
Ezra Pound and the Modern Verse Epic
320pp. Princeton University Press.
£12.50 (paperback, £5.55).
0 691 06434 2

WENDY STALLAND FLOREY:

Ezra Pound and The Cantos
A Record of Struggle
321pp Yale University Press, £12.50.
0 300 02392 8

GEORGE KEARNEY:

Guide to Ezra Pound's Selected Cantos
306pp. Brighton: Harvester Wheatsheaf.
£15.50.
0 7129 0988 5

Ezra Pound embarrases his admirers: as soon as criticism of the Cantos moves from the aesthetic to the intellectual, it enters what appears to be a realm of muddle. Michael Bernstein's illuminating study is the middle belongs to Pound's ideas, which can be sorted into various kinds of discourse and appropriately dealt with, but to which the form of modern verse poetry, in which Pound is shown to be concerned with the areas of common experience back from the novel because he does not believe in a self-referential

poetic truth. He seeks an impersonal, empirical base from which to address a plural audience. Incoherence arises because the types of discourse Pound brings together are not easily reconciled. Pound's intimations of divinity are subject to no order, which, while exciting in the spontaneity it permits, prevails him from showing how they can be related to the story he recounts. Eternal values and contingent process remain apart.

Professor Bernstein adduces Williams' *Poems* and Olson's *Maximus Poems* to show that such discontinuity between poetic vision and historical process is intrinsic to the form. The new epic cannot be Pound's fifth book attempt, as he himself claims. But what happens in the *Peter Cantos* is that Pound's own voice, hitherto marginal to the poem, comes to be the central subject as it interrogates and undermines itself, a process which Bernstein calls "the process of a distant future rather than the present, audience of earlier cantos. The tragedy of the Cantos record is as much that of their own form as that of the poet. Bernstein shows that Pound's poem occupies a historical position from the author's personal, cultural, and literary and prose it absorbs multiply its voices; the contradictions between the voices reflect the contradictions in experience for which Pound seeks an answer. The poem's coherence is a question of the world questioned, the world which Bernstein speaks the language of deconstruction, its temper

ately refrains from abolishing the author, suggesting rather that the poem's form grants it a wider success than Pound's own ideas might be thought to permit. His study is remarkably faithful to what reading the poems he discusses feels like.

With Wendy Florey we are on more traditional theoretical ground. Her argument centres on the lyrical passages in the Cantos, which many of Pound's readers have attempted to remove from their context as though their surroundings were not germane, a procedure to which she herself comes close. "Epic autobiography" is what she sees Pound as seeking, a form he finds difficult to attain because his central self-consciousness is drawn to an armour of the cynicism of bitterness of a Wyndham Lewis. For Pound is a creature rather like Hemingway, but a Hemingway who painfully seeks to give up bloodsport for the love of poetry. She offers much interesting information about the relationship between the appearance of the gods and the poet's life, the way in which personal experience and love are transformed into myth, but she does not offer a convincing, intentional account of these processes. She fails to explain why Pound writes as he does or to appreciate that the way in which he writes is at least as important to both poet and reader as the putative personal sources the work conceals. This view of the Cantos is reduced to a mere question of the celebrated "eye" passage of *Canto 81* tells us that:

There are three pairs of eyes and they belong to three women who are very much alive. We learn

from Mary [do Roschewitz] that her mother has "violet-blue eyes, clear and luminous", and that Dorothy Pound's eyes are "blue". ... Bird's description of eyes must have been green of method. We find a double error in the simplifying light of biography, but one of the "facts" about Pound's love is only a hypothesis assumed to sustain the reading. No poetry is alone Pound's allusive, pellucid invention, works or can be put to work in this way.

I pick up this moment in the argument because it typifies the book's warming but dubious temper. Pound's admirers naturally wish to see a certain poem here as a more likeable man than much of his poetry suggests, and it is not unusual to feel that such an object of desire is a little too much. The book would reveal a set of aims and a programme to which he would not be violently opposed. However, late as *Thames* (1959) Pound perceives of "Adolf furlous" the leading figure of the order of the future, the nature of Pound's perversion is a trip-bomb poem and poem of the rebarbative dignity.

George Kearney's study uses the New Directions *Selected Cantos*, which is slightly expanded from the Faber text. It provides a reading reference guide to Pound's work and general remarks on each section of the whole poem. However, it is tied to the whole poem. It is an eccentric compilation of what text. Students, at whom the book seems to be aimed, should be aware that the Cantos are a whole, using what is effective of an inner gloss to parts of it.

MARINA TSVETAIEVA:
Sobkhorovleniya i poem
Edited by A. A. Soskyn
576pp. Leningrad: Sovetskii pisatel'. 2 roubles.

Izbrannaya prosa v dvukh tomakh
1917-1937

459+365pp. New York: Russia Publishers. £15.
0 8930 004 5

The Demons of the Swans/
Lebediny stan
Edited and translated by Robin Kenbell.

211pp. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Ardis. \$15 (paperback, \$7.50).
0 88233 493 X.

After hearing some of Marina Tsvetaeva's poems celebrating the White Army in the Civil War, her husband, Sergey Efron who had served as a volunteer with those forces remarked: "But it wasn't at all like that, Marinokhka." The campaign he recalled had been "fratricidal and suicidal", receiving no support from the people, who failed to understand it. Tsvetaeva once declared that all through life she had been guided by "romanticism and errogance". As it is revealingly put in the preface to the recent Soviet edition of her selected poems, commenting on Tsvetaeva's attitude during the first years of Bolshevik rule, "with exceptional obstinacy she continued to live in her own imagined world of romantic, bookish conceptions of life".

The late V. A. Rozhdavitsky who wrote these words was seeking to explain her refusal to accept the profound changes coming about in Russia. They are not characteristic of the edition as a whole. Rozhdavitsky ungrudgingly recognizes her "extreme truth of feeling", and is able, of course, to show that once in the emigration she began to look more favourably on the Soviet experiment. But it is a relief to find neither the preface of the edition nor the notes by V. A. Rozhdavitsky ungrudgingly recognize her "extreme truth of feeling", and is able, of course, to show that once in the emigration she began to look more favourably on the Soviet experiment. But it is a relief to find neither the preface of the edition nor the notes by V. A. Rozhdavitsky ungrudgingly recognize her "extreme truth of feeling", and is able, of course, to show that once in the emigration she began to look more favourably on the Soviet experiment. 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